Die Leere Mitte

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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Issue n.25 ¬ 04/2025
11.8°C ¬ 52.4802743 ¬ 13.5441468
.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
printf("Hello, Berlin!");
return 0;
}
```

Die Leere Mitte
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.
Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format*: Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages*: Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.
Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format*: jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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Edited in Berlin by Horst Berger and Federico Federici.
ISBN 9798280299443

cover art: 413A6038 by Richard Hanus

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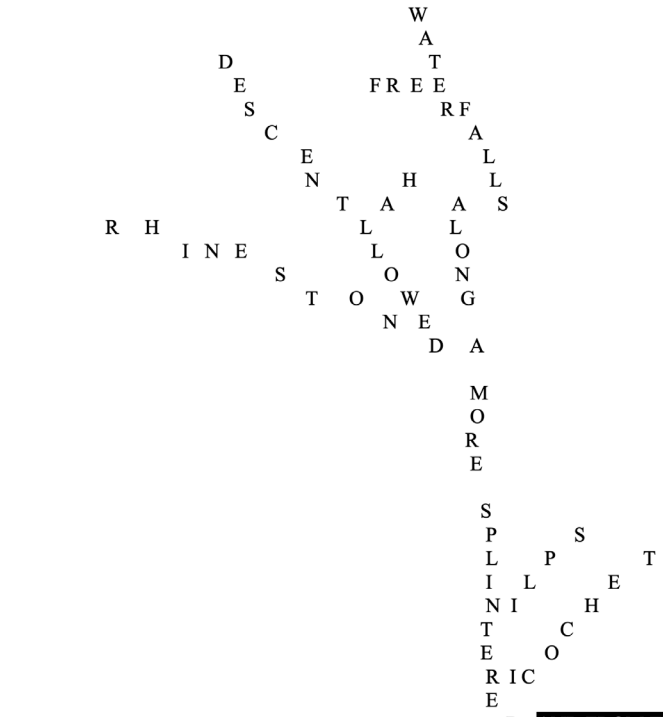
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E
D AND FROM THAT RUPTURE
CAME A GREAT SILENCE.
A
PRECIPITATION OF
GRACE.
THAT PRIMORDIAL OOZE, BLOOMING
AND OSCILLATING ACROSS THE ABYSSAL
TRACT. DOWN IT GOES TO THAT SPACE BEFORE TIME, WHERE FISH WALK ON
TWO LEGS AND SUN-SOAKED VEINS DANCE TO THE BEAT OF A SKY IN
CONSTANT RHYTHM. STARS SWIRLING IN A MATING DANCE AS
THEY DESCEND UNDER THIS GREAT FORCE.
BEFORE
THEY BLACK OUT
AND HIT THE DETRITUS
UNRAVELLING AT THE TOUCH OF SO MANY GRASPING APPENDAGES.
A TOTALITY REACHED THROUGH CONSENSUS, DOWN TO AN ATOMIC
SPECTACLE.
A ROAD KILL ROAD LAID ALONG FORCE-FORMED TRACKS, TRACKING
TRANSGRESSIONS.
ALONGSIDE A BOTTLE - CAPPED.

Sonny Rollins...
the space between
oxygen molecules

adding a chessboard and a Geiger Counter to her shopping list

even if you told her she looks like Ali McGraw

so plainly asking for gas money home; a snowflake on the tip of his nose

the chances of backwashing a watery cocktail
in a sunbaked Atlantic City
parking lot

he wasn't paying attention to what the world wanted

in the shortest line for the body and blood of Christ

the straight hedges of my father's hereafter

dust boil in the closed system of a John Wayne movie

iris petals do nothing to resist this stupid rainy day

home again
the circumference
of a muddy potato

garnish of yellow nasturtiums
on the meat eater's
bloody plate

the deep-lung refuge of her morning Pall Mall

back then there were 5-cent Whammies and iron lungs

a yellow butterfly and a red leaf in the same sky

her listening-to-rain-at-the-window hipness

out for more falling-leaf instruction

phase machine no love out heroic divorce hmm

worker bench sleep vacation return good Catholic step one

time machine to Rully Calvados Chronos Programma 101

bed arrow time floppy first together take turns

set sets set affair telos eros millstone pace

litter let letter biddy bye crock

geo nick flank mem t

pelican clean dupe fav

bind play neck caut kin s

paint side clock x machine t erm

waist patch s t p bent pistachio booby

dog bowl serious soviet cozy 5 beat

sing straight loaf Busby break part

cortège shack e z m l a Marcella

kazoo med codominant grey

popsicle cowl Britannica blob seed spill

trinket spoil tin tree dance vox lume

baguette cull cylinder mystery sis

banana sissy hop pink d d cav ity

settle whatever Yorick prez keens

d game reveal chill saki bog d p

papi gut lip swear jar quake

time much juice box Botox vole

see to in for per h m

corn arousal Fleetwood flight

Nolan Bushnell Converse squeak marquee

pub entropy glow cosmic law destroyer

computer war tic-tac-toe temp Ampex implosion

Nimatron legacy play quantum quarter

summertime spent catharsis soma delayed

re arrives re plays re stories re nova re re

O logo-bearing bipeds, make no more false claims
Lest you erase the delicate latticework of evening
Or falter then weep at moon's liminality
Suffer instead the clampdown of euphony
Shattered by a lucent pause

Evade hemlock-adjacent eveningwear
Bend in crisis with the gods we know
Photomosaically, like a dead river's pulsing
Invasive after humming
Winter for a day

A strange hindrance of nursery rhyme theory
Except for the pindaric interlude
Or an aggressor's finesse of withered celluloid
Like makeshift, cuneiform zoos
Finite as mailart for the cognoscenti
Infinite as the clipped tongues of those we leave behind
With tortured seagull eyes

Whose nose doesn't make you look foolish?
Whose shadow doesn't make you come clean?
Accept the rule of algebra while censored
Ensconced in night warehouses
Neon wisps & pungent jade deflectors
Garnet eyes, quicksilver tongues
Sand or rotten eggs

Transcendental Stimuli

Hush needles & jolt reflectors
A wish to cure darning
Brute cameras that baffle shut-ins
Mezzanine lips a choked blur

Pestilential weedwhackers sour the living
With so much dazzle
In the confines of infected speech
To punch out sidewinders by reflective knowing

A hunch or pinch of tattered cures
Trees' withered answers— ashes & echoes
Await the night tuner
For whom every lip's a pregnant echo—

But to still go on, with the flatulent know-it-alls
Whose every birth's a shattered knowing—
Earth's not long;
Guard it like shadow

Words
are
like
pennies

but
oh
how
they
can
shine.

coat,
hat,
and
gloves

filling
up
the
car
with
gas
for
the
week

milk,
cereal,
and
treat
from
the
grocery
store.

I lost my keys yesterday
inside my own apartment
and now I cannot leave
until I find them.

Suddenly,
prison asserts itself.
The ideal prison
without even
the constraints
imposed by authority.

Far Right Climate

It is February.
Niagara region is 16°C.
Next week snow will fly.

Earth's flywheel has broken.
The Sun wheel is sick.
Sonnenrads nauseate the skies.
Schwarze sonnes craze their jagged lightning
across tattoos and rural acreages.
The crocuses know and they are confused.

Crocus spears flicker over leaf litter,
their Ostara glows stay dark.
March is inevitable. March foot will fall.
Crocus glow could empurple the snow.
Crocus gold could enrich the outspend the last frost.

Crocus leaf could also freeze, unwatered,
daylight so short and ice on the roots,
by crocus kenning February is still Yule Sun,
practically schwarze sonnes.

Schwarze sonnes unlock the crocus,
confuse the chronotype.
They bloom without bees.
They bloom in the dark.
Their flowers cup sleet for too long
and return to sleep before hives wake.

Starved by sonnenrads and out-maneuvered by dark sun,.
the yellow stripe of crocus flower,
the loamy stripe of earthenware,
the hum of Gaia queens

have yet to even realize
that they face a valknot death:
forest fire, prairie fire, freezer burn.

The sun worshippers have created
an apnea for photosynthesis.
16°C February alarm clock.
Crocus yawns are caught under cartwheeling sky.
March, with the initiative, nears.

Although scientifically un-
proven, pumping the piano
was once supposed to lead
to levitation. "Whole lotta
shakin' going on," sang the
man who married his barely

post-pubescent cousin. For
a time it was a popular refrain,
especially to those industrial &
commercial classes who took it
as an anthem in their struggle
against the power of the mon-

archy. Then, like they, it fell
out of favor when the Vorti-
cists showed that since its
effort lay closer to the fulcrum
than to the load, there's no way
it could be made to crack nuts.

open

in a new
window

target ="_blank"

cando
code so
easy

but can't
do when
the mind is
struggling

& is other-
wise

closed

With every step bodies produce
energy. Most body heat is gene-
rated in the deep organs. A di-
verse collection of full-body images
of people produced by AI generates
no heat at all unless it's photos &
illustrations of gay middle-aged
men eating ice cream. At least that's
what some prairie voles claim. Mind
you, they also believe that a full body
illusion can be self-induced through
neck-stroking, even when the nec-
essary neurotransmitters are absent.

In crystal lettuces the
molecules vibrate round
fixed positions. Solid
state theory. Strength,
not subtlety. One more

garage band, at their
best when singing
their own songs especially
when the geometry
of the combustion chamber

is redesigned. Unable
to afford expensive sound-
gear. Instead make use
of an inflated vocal sac
which may exceed the

rest of the body in size
& drowns out all the
other frontline states
who still haven't come
to terms with universal

suffrage. In winter rises
above the cold, sends
food stamps floating down
into the eclectic air
of subsidized theater.

The maid found
the beauty contest winner
slumped across the bed.
Her face slumped pale.
She gripped tight
to the handle of her vacuum cleaner.
Then let out a seismic scream
that echoed through the hotel corridors,

Before other people arrived,
it was just the maid
and the dead woman
in room 1057 -
one who could afford
to stay in the place,
one who couldn't,
one with movie-star looks,
one worn down
by the aging of manual labor.

Yet the lesser lived.
The celebrity
was done in by
the pill bottle on
the night dresser.

Hotel staff,
other guests,
cops and rescue workers
soon enough ensured
that the room was occupied
by a cross-section of society.

The woman was carried out
on a stretcher.
The maid no longer
apologized for breathing.

A Woman Newly Widowed

Her spiny edges sting
and rip like tiny thorns,
discouraging touch.

She can't pretend she is inviolate
when someone is always approaching,
drawn by her still showy flower,
fragrant stalk.
But a sad heart must have its barbs.

Her want is to be left alone.
It has become her weight.
Suffering is intractable.
So why shouldn't intruders
spill blood in its cause.

Chris and Shirley

In our conversations,
Shirley is politics, Chris is sports,
and they both are business.

They do not hold hands in my presence.
Nor do they kiss.
So I associate them less with romance
and more with magnanimity
and a constancy I never find in other couples.

In their absence,
sequestered in their own house,
I have this vision of
Shirley devouring newspapers,
Chris watching the game,
and a modish bedroom,
never used for sex,
but to hold he-and-she closets full
of stylish but conservative suits.

Sure, they grow older,
gray at the edges
but there's this expression of character
that never changes.
It must be how they handle the sheer scope
of life together,
that's been twenty years and counting.

And in all that time,
I've never heard a bad word
spoken about them.
So maybe they're overdue
for a really good one.
But, try as I might,
you just won't hear it from me.

The Designated Driver

On gig nights, I pick up Elton,
the bass player and his precious instrument
from outside his apartment,
because he has too many DUI's
against his name already
and I am the sober singer
who needs him in shape enough
to play those throbbing notes
and definitely doesn't want him
killing anyone on some drunken ride home.

So we head off into the night,
in silence mostly, him clinging to
his four stringed beauty like it's a
deep-toned baby and me saving
my throat for the usual spate of
roughhewn rock and roll shouts,
and besides, we're not close anyhow,
being bandmates on stage
but nothing much on the outside.
Keep in mind, it's the unknown victim
I'm thinking about, the poor guy
who suddenly steps off the curb
and is creamed by the likes
of a half-headless Elton
as he swerves all over the road.

So I show no interest in his mother with dementia
and he could care less about how much
it's costing me to keep my dog alive.
He needs my voice in shape.
I require his deft fingering.
He's dependent on my hands on the wheel.
I'm reliant on his body staying safe
and unharmed in the passenger seat.

I'll drop him home after the show,
with a cursory, "Seeya.".
He'll merely mumble a goodbye.
He won't mention the ride I gave him.
It's up to some stranger to thank me for it.

Lucky Charms

I used to go through life
with a wheat penny
and a ball-bearing in my pocket
that I reckoned were my lucky charms.

The coin came to me in the change
from a coffee and muffin
and that tiny drop of steel
I picked up off the sidewalk.

They were both light enough
so that I didn't even know they
were there most of the time.
However, it seemed, good luck didn't

know they were there either.
But, at least, there was no coercion
between those tiny talismans
and the worst that could occur.

So, for as long as I toted them around,
stuff merely happened
as I would expect it to happen.
There were no unexpected windfalls,

no grave disappointments.
I used to go through life
thinking I had this special protection.
But it was really all about natural selection.

And the extremes of this life
never selected me.
But a penny and a ball-bearing –
I was their first choice.

only

==and this stone

..which
..and you were told to speak

{{without this conniption}}

so sweetly in the vedas

^^mooning only in the glow^^

ah
ah
AH

ankh and
strangeness

not anymore

it

isn'
t

.
ba *ba*
.
ba *ba*
.

[a] [a] [&] [&] [a] [a]

…...was?

Interpret
as you like

::only::
::only::

KNOTS

[a] [a] [&] [&] [a] [a]

slow as
intermission

a venerable {vulnerable}

supposition

and the click comes
far

too late

For Two (and and and)

::this::this::this::this::

& {also}

//
//
//

what more
from
the
waveform?????????????

when
waking
without
tape
and

H#I#S#S

<u>good morning to you I hope</u>
<u>you're feeling better</u>

two 2
leads (to)
two 2
leads (to)
two 2
leads (to)
two 2

……

INSENSATA

clot core slab wind
gnat full storm vein
dog lung glass plunge
fish stunned hill dung

tongue hammer broke roof
hey sugar dry arm

caga máscara luz loca
ventana sangre polvo atroz

traje lleno idea vacía
pluma lavandería nombre es
postiza bandera ausente ondea
bosque fuego tarea invisible

LÓGICA

F F O G

;

g orr : tor e

tongue :: cloud

~ash ::: folder

float :::: stung

swell ::::: gland

dry :::::: wall

molt ::::::: algae

strip :::::::: clock

say ::::::::: pool

pool :::::::::: thot

col ::::::::::: lapse

c lip

;

ROT ≈

dry

dry pen
ton gue
in half

mu te h am
by shirt
in ch

slipped on wet steps chews a book

bent already & a shortness
drains yr flatness it's my
cloud grease halfway shining
. lifter crawls out , blinks
& yaws my shivering pool
. the maybe is , or not , scri
bbling a stagnant *G* on stairs
yr argle is , *steps away* ➤

dropped the water I a , 💧
ender folded in a grimy
page walked the floor yr
scribbled shoe dusty yawn .
handy mouth tube yr short
neck scries bird inflamed
, it's yr half a ham , yr
liquid pages pulped

peotry in mud

> *"...les poètes au fond des sillons. »*
> *Pavlo Grigorivitch Tytchina, 1920,*
> *dans Un poète d'Ukraine,*
> *Marseille : Fidel Anthelme X, 2024*

dirt explodes my knife in
muddy well the sky a circle
where my eye ● should be
you saw seeds swirling in the
toilet where yr socks sank ,
clouds were shifting toward
the east where the sun went
down my tongue a worm

fango fuego torre tumba

awake in my hampered sleep

my looser comb fell down my
back yr fingers torn were

branches broke off *en el* ~
viento yr voice exhaled my
inhalation lumbered cross
the bed my fork slept pulsing
in yr hair a mist swirled in
the sheets yr shivered foot
pressed my face yr feet

my laundry yr fence my air

step in the mirror & see yr back

tentatif mes doigts touched the
core of heat the clocking door
slammed & crashed back I
sees uh nada todesca , viva en
su muerte *(no me chingues ,*
filosicario) . mis pendejos me
gritan tu silencio , mas no me
abren el aire , sólo el tictac
del frío exborbotante

h ail

ink loss , a s ickness
in my knee left behind a
cloud s tumbles en el
Horizonte , lapso de
mis ojitos espiraliz antes
j'ai froid ¡Ay qué hielo!
in my knees k eyed with
bones boiled son mis
plumas es mi vuelo para
abajo *"où la nuit"*

Pick a sin
and watch
your mother
stick your finger
in the dish soap
in opposition
to the rubbery
tongue
lost inside
a glove
drowning
down the
drain

Sleeping

In the weeds
of cracked
corn husks and
avocado seeds
I aw a ladder
strangling hair strands
a fashion too late
to wake the unfurled
shoelace

Jennifer Choi · *switch*

i left an apple in the drawer.
the drawer was a tightly closed world of darkness,
but the lightbulb lit up far too easily,
& i imagined peeling the glowing apple.
the light spilled across the empty chair,
& no one called the roll.
without a scream, hands got caught in the drawer,
& the apple rolled across the empty classroom floor.
as it alternated between red & white,
the sound of swallowing echoed too loudly, like in a quiet hallway,

but no one tried to stop the apple,
& unable to bear the silence of the drawer,
i pierced the apple.
cutting it in half,
sweetness leaked out through the dark cracks,
& in that moment, the world felt briefly
like a long, dark throat.

whistling bird

the whistling bird
holds the lemon sun
from one branch to the next
from one leaf to another
the whistling bird
sews with bouncing light
from yellow to blue
from redness to cry
the whistling bird
participates in the light
into the swirling water's vortex
into the buzzing heart of flowers
the whistling bird
repeats the repetition
of repeating the repetition
the air is still
a stillness pierced, shining
the leaves
are open like windows
reflecting like mirrors
step inside,
and it deepens like a step into the green
the whistling bird
heads toward the plum grave
like a snake's tongue,
passing through tiny flickering flames
and fragile leaves
the whistling bird
is the forest's vein
holding the green seed
crossing this world
forever crossing

white-whiskered whale

i untie the crimson string tied in a black bag
& scatter sand in the air where boundaries have collapsed
the playground where the breath of rosy-cheeked children drifts
various grains of sand slide down the slide
the evening, where the eye follows the tail fin of a *white-whiskered* whale,
learning how to leap from the long slide
with each deep breath taken in the cluster of catalpa tree shoots,
the wind inhabits the playground where the sand leaps,
& the empty sand, unnoticed,
carries a finely carved body on the wind-sail.
at equilibrium, the sand interlocks its hands,
the rough sand's touch feels warm
as the *white-whiskered* whale exhales a column of blue water,
& under the shell-roof built on black pebbles,
waves & foam that resemble *sand* come to greet.
a *white-whiskered* whale dives into the playground,
assuming a low posture, examining the empty sand,
drifting like a single grain in the once happiest sea,
& once again, meeting the shining spot of the *white-whiskered* whale with joy.
guided by the waves, fluttering over the coral reef,
the whale's scales sparkle, wriggling like clock hands.